THE

FABLES

OF

Young Æſop,

With their

Morals.

With a Moral Hiſtory of his Life and Death. Illuſtrated with Forty curious Cuts, applicable to each FABLE.

The Fourth EDITION,
Written by *B. H.*

LONDON,
Printed and Sold by *Benj. Harris*, at the *Golden Boar's Head*, in *Grace-Church-ſtreet*. MDCC.

Tho' Æſop's Crooked, Strait is his
Vertuous Road,
Which Points the Way to Heaven's
bleſs'd Abode:
Shall we therefore, the better part deſpiſe,
Becauſe deceitful Beauty from it flyes ?
Abhor reflecting on the Cripple's Fate,
Who wou'd be Crooked, when he might
be Strait ?

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MUSEUM

To the READER.

Reader !

ONce more I Dedicate this Pocket Companion *to thy Uſe: If thou loveſt Vertue, thou wilt accept it, and Read with a Deſire of Improvement; but if thy Affections are in the Heart of the Earth, and admireſt Darkneſs, I adviſe thee not to hinder thy Friend from looking upwards, and beholding the Sun: And if thou wouldſt live Happy here, and have the* Unum Neceſſarium *hereafter, get Wiſdom, get Virtue, which cannot be chang'd by Fortune, nor ſeparated by the Cavils of this World; which cannot be demoliſh'd by Age, nor abated by Sickneſs; but will make Peaſants Kings, and Beggars Princes; the Sick Whole, and the moſt Miſerable the moſt Happy.*

I have here prefix'd (being ſenſible how Diverting Lives are to the Publick) A Moral Hiſtory of *Æſop's* Life; *ſhewing the Vanity of immoderate Paſſion, the Deceitfulneſs of Beauty, and the Miſe-*

ry attending a perjur'd and vicious Soul. I have also made the whole more Correct than any of the former Editions, by altering the Style to Gratify some Persons of more Profound Judgments, but so as the meanest Capacity may Understand me: Indeed the World has Oblig'd me to this, by their Candid Acceptance of Three Impressions; and the Obligation I think to return (GOD willing) with a Second Part, *in a little time.*

However, if thou wilt improve this in the mean time, thou wilt find it more Beneficial than the Transitory Injoyments of this Life, which Fade before we can perceive 'em to Flourish: But Virtue well Rooted in the Soul is like a Rock in the Sea, all the Affections being guided thereby, to the Crowning their End with immortal Glory: Which that thou may'st attain to, is the Desire of thine,

Janua. 10. 1700. B. H.

Young

Young ÆSOP's *Life.*

IN one of the farthest Parts of Germany, there Liv'd once a worthy and sober Dr. of Physick, by Name John Lozmani, of an Antient and Honourable Family: He was a Gentleman no less to be Admir'd for his Exquisite Learning, than Belov'd for the internal Endowments of a Vertuous and Generous Soul; and One, whose Aspect might Excite the Affections of a Chaste Princess, as well as Check the wanton Glances of the most Lascivious Lover. To all which, (besides the great Observance, and profound Respect the People paid him) were added, a copious Estate, and plentiful Revenues. He had not arriv'd to above the Age of Twenty, before Heaven Crown'd his Sun-shine Years with the chaste Enjoyments of a Marriage Bed, and made him the Husband of a Young Lady, in whom Love and Beauty, as well as Vertue and Chastity, were eminently Predominant. But, tho' Heaven had showr'd its Blessings down in so singular manner upon their Heads, yet it seem'd to deny 'em a long time, That which is the End and Design of Wedlock; the Thoughts of which, with the Apprehension of not leaving Issue behind, to keep up the Name and Honour of a Family, depress'd Lozmani's Spirits, and forc'd him to Affect a solitary and retired Life: But all this, by his Lady's being happily Deliver'd of a Son, quickly Vanish'd, and the Clouds of Melancholly Dispers'd; his Spirits became more Strong and Lively, and his Joy rais'd to a higher Pitch than before. Glad was he to see Heaven bless him with a Son so Fair, so Beautiful, and so well Proportion'd, in whom the very Heart and Soul of its Parents were bound up. But, alas! when we go about to Assure ourselves of a Constant

Conſtant Flux of Felicity, and Promiſe Happineſs with its Duration, then are we not only the moſt Deceiv'd, but render'd, by Fortune's inconſtant Motions, (as to this World) the moſt Miſerable, and the moſt Unhappy: For,

As in all things, ſo in poor Mortal's Heart,
Sorrow and Joy, by Courſe, do Act their part:
For, Fortune's Courſe, b'ing Fickle as the Wind,
How then can That be Conſtant, when ſhe's Blind?
Nor is ſhe ever Worſhip'd by the Wiſe,
But only Fools, who make her Throne the Skies.

Thus we ſee the Mutability of all things: For, this Son, whom they Named Chriſtianus, growing into Years, and proving the exact Picture of his Father, he was Educated and Inſtructed by him, in the ways of Virtue; and had already Learn'd Manners enough to prove himſelf an Ornament to his Parents, when (about the Ninth Year of his Age) he Unfortunately fell from the Turret of his Father's Houſe into a Garden adjoyning, whereby he was not only taken up for Dead, but had his Back broke, his Joints diſlocated, and his whole Body bruiſed in a Deplorable manner.

Imagine now what Scenes of Sorrow attended it: And Gueſs how great an Impreſſion it made upon the Hearts of Two loving and indulgent Parents, who would have parted with all their Wealth to have prevented it, if poſſible! But, ſuch is the irrevocable Decree of Heaven, that an Alexander, whoſe Arms Puniſh'd all the known World, till it Confeſs'd him Conquerour, can no more Evade the Poyſon of his Cup-bearer, Antipater's Son, than a Crœſus, with all his Wealth, pretend to Bribe a Deity! If we expect to Enjoy an immortal Gift, we muſt not allow ourſelves in the exceſſive Tranſports of the Paſſions of the Mind: A Mediocrity in Temper, will Fortify us againſt all the Diſappointments in Nature; and preſerve to us, at leaſt, the Idea and Remembrance of what our Senſes once Delighted in, when Paſſion robs us of this, and our Reaſon too.

Paſſion,

Paſſion, ah Paſſion, ſpoils the Nobler Parts,
And makes fond Mortals Deity their Hearts;
Vexing the Spirits with impure Diſſentions,
Puſhing us on, t'Adore our own Inventions.
" And very few are free from this Infection,
" For every one's a Slave to ſome Affection.
But, ah! Ten Thouſand times more Happy's he,
Who Subdues Paſſion, and ſets Reaſon free;
That his weak Opticks may more clearly 'Spye
The Imperfections that proceed thereby.

But, to return, As Chriſtianus was ſo Unfortunate in the Juvenal of his Years, to be made a Cripple; ſo he became the more Helpleſs, and outwardly Miſerable: For his Deformity ſo Diſcompos'd his Mother, that ſoon after ſhe made a Chamber her Confinement, and in a little time her Aſpect became Pale and Wan; the Vermilion of her Cheeks were waſh'd off with Pearly Tears; and her Eyes affected nothing more than the ghaſtly Ideas of the King of Terrours, and his ſilent Urn; her Brows were Depreſs'd with Clouds of Melancholly; and all her Actions, Diſcourſe and Converſation, ſpoke nothing but deep Reſentments of a troubled and diſcontented Mind: The Exceſs of which Paſſion hurry'd her into a Hectick Fever, of which, (maugre all the Indearments of a tender and loving Husband) ſhe in a moſt Sorrowful and Tragical manner, gave up the Ghoſt.

Never was a Gentleman more Diſconſolate than Lozmani: Grief over-whelm'd his Heart; and his Soul continually disburthen'd it ſelf, by breathing out paſſionate Complaints, and dolourous Sighs: And, what with the Death of his Lady, and the Deformity of his Son, he was reduc'd to a low and weak Condition. His Friends being Concerned to ſee him ſo, and perceiving him in a deep Conſumption, they, with all the tender Expreſſions of Love and Affection, indeavour'd to expel the Grief which had Seiz'd his Mind; but all in Vain, for he rejected their Viſits, refus'd their Counſels, deſpis'd their

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Comforts, and wholly deny'd himself the Society of his own Family. Thus he Linger'd out a Month or Two, till he found his Vitals ready to take Flight, when he sent for his Brother in Law; to whom he Communicated his Grief in the following Manner.

Brother! Mortals may imagine, that by their Wealth they are secur'd from Vicissitude and its Consequences; and that Fortune hath lost her Power, and is Subject to the Controuls of a Guilded Purse, or the Amorous Looks of a Fair Beauty: But, alas, so long as we are Born with Affection, and suffer it to Reign Arbitrary over our other Powers, we are not Sensible that she is Hood-wink'd both to Wealth and Grandeur, as well as Poverty and Want: Nor will we Believe, that what Favours she heaps upon us at One time, she may Sweep away at another. Who would have Thought, a Person so Rich and Wealthy; so Well-belov'd, and Esteem'd; so much Respected, and Admir'd; so Bless'd in the soft Embraces of a vertuous and loving Wife; and, in fine, once so Happy in the Enjoyment of a Son, whose Beauty seem'd to be the Master-piece of Nature---I say, Who would have imagin'd a Person once so Fortunate, should have Liv'd to see so dire a Catastrophe befall him? Ah, have I Liv'd to see the Lady of my Affections, my Bosome-Friend, and the Soul of my Love, surrender up all the Efforts of Nature, all the Ravishing Endearments of Love and Beauty, and all the Conjugal Affections of a Wife to her Husband, into the Hands of that grim Tyrant Death! And, shall this Memory of mine forget her, and Live, with nothing to feast my Opticks on, but the Deformity of a Son? No, no; Maugre all the Delusive Advice, to stay and linger out my Days here, I'll force my Fate, and compel Atropos to Cut this Thred of Life-----

And here Lozmani Swooning, he seem'd as if he had already taken Possession of another World, till his Senses were retriev'd, when opening his Eyes, he thus went on: ------ I am glad my Dissolution arriv'd

not

not, before I Bequeath'd my Son to your Care, and my Estate to your Self, for his Maintainance: I Conjure you by all that's Just and Sacred, on pain of suffering here all the Horrours of Conscience that can be inflicted on a Perjur'd Soul, to do no otherwise by him, than becomes a loving Uncle, and what the deplorable Condition of a Fatherless Kinsman calls for: To which the Brother Assenting with an Oath, Christianus was call'd for by his Father, who in the midst of a Flood of Tears, Embracing him, recommended him to his Uncle, and Dy'd.

Thus we see the Tragical End of Lozmani and his Lady. By this, I would have my Young Reader observe, what Love and Affection, some Parents have for their Children; as well as Advise Parents to see the Folly of immoderate Grief, the Misery of Idolizing their Children, and the Danger of Repining at the Decree of Heaven. Shall we hasten the running out that little Sand left us, because the Almighty Recalls the Talent HE hath Lent us? Consider;

-------- Facilis descensus Averni;
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras
Hoc Opus, hic Labor est ---- Virg. Æn. 6.

Thus;

Down-hill to th' Shades you go a Facile way;
But to return, and re-enjoy the day,
That is a Work, a Labor, --------

An Impossibility! Is it not better then, to prompt Nature with a Mind Calm and Serene, than to hurry ourselves with Passion into those dark Recesses of the Dead, from whence there is no Regress into this Life again? Chilo the Philosopher, (Plin. l. 7. c. 32.) who so much abhorr'd the Excess of Passion, and used to say, Nequid nimium Cupias; Desire nothing too much. Was not exempt from the Punishment thereof: for the Old Man dy'd with Joy, when his Son return'd Victor from the Olympick Games. Without we can take to ourselves Immortality, it is Madness for Mortals to imagine Heaven is obliged to Preserve what we Affect; and a Crime often

ten Punish'd, not only by the removal of the Object, but by the privation of the Adorer's Life. None can Evade those Decretive Actions Subordinate to the Series of their Lives. And this I call Fate, which Tully saith, GOD hath Decreed and Resolved shall come to pass.

But to proceed, Christianus was no sooner taken home to his Uncle's House, but he as soon found the Want of his Parents His Uncle soon broke the Oath he had made, forcing him to Labour with his Slaves beyond his Strength; and in a little time most unnaturally turn'd him into the wide World to shift. Christianus being thus depriv'd of an Habitation, he wander'd up and down Contented with the Courtesy of some, and the Reproaches of others: All which drave him the more to Contemplate his own Frailty, and Contemn the Vanity of this World's Enjoyments: Till at length, as he was returning thro' the Fields into the City, with a Company of wicked Children attending him, he was Pityed by a Religious Merchant, who took him into his Family; where he Liv'd Belov'd and Admir'd nigh Two Years, at which time, to the great Grief of the Merchant and his Lady, he fell Sick of the Small-pox, and Died, being Honoured with a Decent and Solemn Funeral.

Thus he was taken Care of by the Almighty, and no doubt has the Reward of those who shun Vice, and its Attendants. But to let my Reader see, that Heaven never suffers the Guilty to go unpunished, I will Conclude all with this one Instance.

The Perjur'd and Unnatural Brother having Liv'd in Excess and Prodigality on his Brother's Estate, a considerable time, and afterwards meeting with great Losses at Sea; the Thoughts of which, together with the Gnawings of his Conscience, for Perjury, and Villany, to his Brother and Christianus, forc'd him in Despair, to fling himself Head-long from the Top of a high Cliff into the Sea: Where we will leave him, suffering the Punishments of the Furies, which

are

are the Stings of an evil Conscience; where, as Cicero saith, Every one's own Fraud, and his own Terrour Frers him most: Every one's own Wickedness Torments, and Inrages him; his own Evil Thoughts, and the Lashes of Conscience affright him. These are Constant and Domestick Furies to the Wicked, that Night and day expect the Punishment that their Crimes deserve.

This World affords, at best, no other Life,
Than what is Complicated up with Strife:
For in this lesser Orb, we Mortals see,
The very Eliments at Variance be;
The flitting Air, and solid Earth make War;
And th' Fire and Water, nothing do but Jar:
No Wonder then, we Mortals Change and Fade,
When we of Fickle Elements are made.
Wealth, Beauty, Honour, and Preferment high,
No sooner come from Heav'n, but back they fly:
Whilst those poor Souls who fix therein their trust
By Heav'ns Blasts are blown away like Dust,
And plung'd in Mis'ry with the Ambitious Soul,
For, where's the Mortal can the Fates Controul?
But if we would Live Undisturb'd and Free,
Aud shun the Labyrinth of Misery,
Let's seek [ah, seek and find, poor Souls distrest!]
A humble Cottage, where Life lives at Rest;
And feed our Vitals, [maugre horrid Strife]
On that we Mortals call, The Bread of Life:
Quenching that Thirst, which doth our Spirits cloy,
By Drinking everlastig Streams of Joy.
This Summum Bonum if we hope to have,
We must Conform to th' Advice which Solon gave
Contemn this World, and follow Wisdom's Rule:
He is most Wise who thinks himself most Fool.

1. *The ROSE crop'd by Youth.*

LOOK in the Morning, and you'll see
the Roſe-buds to awake,
And from their Beds moſt fragrantly,
a pleaſant Odour make.

And when the Gard'ner to it goes,
it can't his Knife withſtand;
But ſtrait deſcends this Damask Roſe,
to wither in his Hand.

Ah! gentle Youth, thus ſtrive to crop
from off this Buſh a Flower;
Turn back; behold! one ready ſtands
thy Youth for to devour.

The MORAL.

'TIS most expedient, that Man first of all should Meditate upon Death; whether he will be a Philosopher, or not: For, we find but two Certainties in this World, *Life*, and *Death*: From whence I infer, As soon as Nature has done her *Duty* in the *first*, and set the *Wheels* at *work*, the *latter* should be put in *Practice*: *i.e.* We should be putting our selves in the *Grave*, every day we *live*. To which end, consider, O my Reader! that thou art brought forth in a Garden, whereof God is supream Lord and Master; thou art set (as a Plant) in such a Soil, to grow up according to its Fertility; Death is thy Gardener, who is appointed to *Root* up evil Weeds, and to gather fragrant Herbs and Flowers for his Master's Palace; therefore is it not better for thee, to Converse with thy Gardener, to understand his Natural Qualities, that thou mayst be the more Potent in Pruning-time, to lose a Branch or two, than to have the whole trodden despicably amongst Briars and Thorns? Consider, thou canst not Fee Death, nor evade his Darts; and that every one must kiss his cold Lips, and fall asleep in the Dust.

2, *The Innocent Lambs Sporting and Playing.*

HOW innocent and lovingly
the tender Lambs do play ;
Bah, Bah, they cry moſt chearfully,
as trav'ling on their way :

They think no hurt: With quiet Mirth
they're drove with Whip in hand ;
Nor do they Dream at all of Death,
when Butchers by them ſtand.

Amongſt the Graſs, i'th' pleaſant Fields,
theſe harmleſs *Lambs* Conſort ;
They leap for Joy, and toſs their Heels,
till Death does end their Sport.

The

The MORAL.

WHY wilt thou Delight thy ſelf, O my Child, in provoking thy Brother to Wrath? Is it for thy Credit to be Quarrelling one with another, when every day Providence drives thee nearer towards the Slaughter-houſe? Thou little think'ſt of this, but know, that thou art going, where-ever thou art, to the Court of Juſtice; and, is it not better to take thy Brother by the Hand, and run quietly, that the Judge may Smile on thee, and Sing thee Aſleep in his Arms. Conſider, Brotherly Love is as Chains of Gold about the Neck; and without it we are worſe than Savage Beaſts: Love Sweetens our Diſpoſitions, and flings away all Acts of Hoſtility, conſtraining us to turn and Kiſs one another in the Heat of Broils and Animoſities: But where is this to be ſought for? In Relations there's very little Sympathy to be found; every one's Heart is caſe-hardened to the Afflictions of his Friend; and to ſay, in Extremity, I am thy Brother, or Kinſman by Blood, *&c.* is like Whiſtling to the Wind, or rowling Stones up-hill.

3. *The Turtle Surpriz'd and took Sleeping.*

WHen bluſt'ring ſtorms are blown a-way,
and Waves begin to fall,
Then Sol, with his warm glitt'ring Rays,
moſt calmly up does call

The Turtle, pleaſingly to float
aſleep upon the Sea;
But when it's catch'd by Men i'th' Boat,
it wakes immediately.

And when too late it ſees it ſelf
ſurpriz'd and taken faſt,
It ſighs and ſobs with briny Tears,
ſo long as Life doth laſt.

The

The MORAL.

IF thou wilt Hunt, be ſure let it be with all the innocent Diverſion imaginable: For, what occaſion haſt thou to *Curſe* thy *Horſe*, becauſe thy *Game* out runs *him?* Or thy *Game*, becauſe *it* endeavours to eſcape *thee* with its *Life?* Surely thou art *aſleep* when thou doſt ſo; and, no Wonder if thou art taken *Napping*, when thy *Horſe* is *Leaping* a *Hedge*, or *Style*, by the *common Hunt*, who is at the *Back* of every one, to *catch*'em when they *fall*. Let this be thy *Rule* in all thy *Recreation*, and thou wilt *Diſcern* him plain enough to *Shun* him. Beſides, when thou art about a Journey, or Some other Sporting Exerciſe of Body, form an *Idea*, of its *Nature*, and *Quality*; thereby no Miſchief ſhall enſue, nor will thy Senſes be Stupify'd with the Fatiegues thereof. Farther, let this Conſideration rouſe my young Schollar out of that Lethargy of childiſh Pleaſures, which terminate in Affliction: So he ſhall have true Pleaſure and Delight in his *Satchel*, the Love of his Superiors, and eſcape the Epidemical Conſequents of *Exceſs* and *Wantonneſs*; when the impure Child, ſhall be devour'd by the Jaws of Satan, and Weep when 'tis too late.

4. *A Dog returning to his Vomit.*

IS't not a Nasty sight to see
a Dog to Spue amain;
And when 'tis out, immediately
to eat it up again?

So strangely does this Cur delight
to swallow down his Throat,
What he before with all his might
most loathfully cast out.

Would it not make Man's Stomach loathe
the daintiest Dish of Meat,
To see this nasty brutish Dog
its Vomit up to Eat?

The

The MORAL.

TIS common with School-Boys to Spue out Repentance upon one anothers Backs, when they are under their Maſter's Correction; and as frequent to wipe it off with their Tears: For, how many irreiterated Promiſes will they make to ſave a little Smart? But when it's over, they forget 'em, and run to their unlawful Exerciſe with as much Celerity and Egregiouſneſs, as before. Indeed, ſome Cry up Correction as the *Chief*, to be uſed in Governing Youth; but, for my Part, I abhor it (eſpecially the Exceſs) and eſteem it as Beſtiality, and fit for none but Irrational Creatures, Slaves and Criminals: But rather, on the other Hand, that they ſhould be manag'd with all the *Freeneſs* and *Generoſity* imaginable. Wilt thou then, my Child, turn Beaſt, to Eat and Drink thine own Dung and Naſtineſs? GOD forbid: Conſider, it is better to Diſgorge thy ſelf of that Venom of Pleaſure, which infects thy Conſcience, and henceforward, loath the moſt daintieſt Diſh in the World.

5. *The* Fly *and* Candle.

ALas, what makes the pretty Fly
to hover thus about,
But with its ſilly Wings to try,
the Candle to put out.

It flutters round the glimm'ring Light,
and pleaſed is to ſee
A burning *Tapour* in the Night,
which works its Miſery.

Poor ſenſeleſs Inſect thus to toil
to have thy fond deſire;
'Twill prove to thee a fatal Foil,
and ſet thy Wings on fire.

The

The MORAL.

THere is one grand Folly which poſſeſſes the generality of Mankind, and obſtructs their Happineſs; and that is, *Inconſtancy:* This puts him upon the Wing to Honour and Diſgrace, Wealth and Poverty, Ambition and Content, and a World of Contrarieties; it carries him from Hope to Deſpair, from Joy to Sorrow; and, like a Ball of Snow, gathers as it rowls, to make its Fall the greater. This is hovering round the burning Taper, and working thine own Miſery. The glimmering Pleaſures of a Diſſolute and Wanton Life, attract Man (as the Flame does the Fly) till he is ſomewhat Diſabled, and forced to withdraw, but immediately his Madneſs and Folly turns the Tide of Sobriety, when egregiouſly he croſſes it backward and forward, till he is forc'd to yield as Victim to his Luſts and Hearts Deſire. There is nothing like ſhunning Extreams, and keeping to a well-grounded Mediocrity, which will prove another ſort of Honey, than that which endeth in *Gall* and *Bitterneſs*; when *Malorum eſca Voluptas*; Pleaſure is the Baits of Iniquity, *Char.* l. 3. c. 38.

6. *The*

6. *The Laborious Bee ſucking Honey from Flowers.*

What makes th'induſtrious Bee to ſtrive
with's Wings abroad to Roam,
But only for to fill the Hive
with Luſcious Honey-Comb.

It ranges thro' each fragrant Bower
'mongſt Valleys, Meadows, Hills,
From Violets, Cowſlips, and each Flower,
it Nouriſhment diſtills.

And Humming, Labours hard all day,
upon the Thiſtle, Roſe,
And Lilly; Laden, ſtrait away
unto its Hive it goes.

The

The MORAL.

THere is but *one* Habit to be got at *one* time; the Novelty of which is the Memory's Whetſtone, till it becomes pall'd and inſipid: Vice ſeldom is Burdenſom in it ſelf, and conſequently the longer Retained. Now, there is a Duty incumbent on Parents, *viz.* To ſecure their Children from ill Precedents; which they muſt do, if they will have 'em free from ill Manners. And there is a Duty adopted for Children too, *viz.* To avoid Vicious Companions, and Conſort themſelves with the Lovers of Virtue. The Effect of this Practiſe will be this: You ſhall ſend your Son out, and he will return with an Improvement of his Talent; he will ſay, Father, I heard a Boy contemn God, by telling a Lye, which made my Heart Ach till I had Reprov'd him: Mother, I ſaw a Rarity, a rich good Man take his Coat off, and Cloath a poor Miſerable Wretch therewith; Would to God I were firmly Riveted in Wiſdom alſo. Is not this Honey in thy Hive, O Parents? Surely thou ſhalt be Happy in the goings out, and comings in, of ſuch Children.

7. *The*

7. *The Nightingale.*

WHen Winter's hoary Froſts retire,
to uſher in the Spring,
Up ſtrikes th'harmonious winged Quire,
melodiouſly to Sing.

Hark, how the well-tun'd Nightingale
ſounds forth her quiv'ring Note,
And warbles out a pleaſant Tale,
with Muſick in her throat;

All Life, ſhe flutters in the Buſh,
her ſtrenuous Notes to raiſe,
And whilſt her Life doth laſt, ſhe thus
Chants forth her Maker's Praiſe.

The

The MORAL.

THere is in Nature, ſaith *Seneca*, a moſt villainous and odious Vice; the which is ſo Aggravating, that it Diſſolves all Humane Society; *Grave vitium, intolerabile, quod diſſociat Homines:* And this I call *Ingratitude:* Of which (if Man would but rightly conſider) he might be Aſham'd, and juſtly Reproach himſelf with the worſt of Infamies. He may learn otherwiſe of irrational Creatures; and when he finds the Charity of another extended towards him, he ought to extend his Thanks to the Donor; and blaze abroad with juſt Encomiums his Deliverer's Praiſe. Thus the grateful Man will Reflect and run over the Mercies of the Day-paſt; adore his Maker, and make uſe of all the Faculties of his Soul and Body in Singing his Praiſe: He will ſit down more contented with his Morſel of Bread, and Bottle of Water, than the ingrateful Wretch with all his Delicacies and Dainties. It is a Paſſion to be abhorred, as baſe and ſordid, and not to be found in a vertuous and generous Soul.

8. *The* Oſtrage *hiding her Eggs in the Sand.*

LOok how the *Oſtrage* rakes the Sand,
her Eggs therein to hide,
Alas, ſhe does not Underſtand
what may them ſoon betide.

Unnat'ral *Oſtrage*, thus to make
a Neſt within the Earth,
To lay thine Eggs in, and not take
ſome care to ſee their Birth.

Suppoſe Mens Feet ſhould cruſh them (down?
or, what if Beaſts of Prey
Should with their Paws break ev'ry one
when-e'er they come that way?

The

The MORAL.

WHat ſays *Plato? I cannot imagine, why Man ſhould be more ſtudious in any thing, than in bringing up his Children Well!* In this he ſpeaks right; becauſe the *Chief Good* of a *Common-Wealth* conſiſts in the *Vertuous Education* of their *Youth:* And this *Duty* lies wholly upon the *Parents*, (eſpecially the *Father*) as it is Branched out into theſe four depending Parts, *viz. Life, Nouriſhment, Inſtruction* and *Communication*. All which the Parent ſhould take more Care of, than his Eſtate: For, as *Crates* Exclaims, *To what Purpoſe do Mortals fatigue themſelves in the laying up Riches; and trouble themſelves ſo little with thoſe that are to enjoy them? Is it not valuing the Shoe more than the Foot?* And, to do like the *Oſtrage*, bury thy Son alive in the Quick ſands of Hair-brain'd Extravagancies? This is *Pindarus*'s Vanity; The Dream of a Shadow: And the Child is more injur'd, by not learning to *Govern* himſelf, than Benefited by giving him all the Wealth and Power in the World to *Govern* others.

9. *A Ship Sailing to her desired Port.*

BEhold the Ship which steddy steers
its Course thro' th'watry Main,
Nor Rocks, nor Sands, nor Storms it fears,
But cuts the Waves in twain.

It suffers many bitter Shock,
and many rouling Sea
Makes it like to a Cradle Rock,
Before't can harbour'd be.

When any Hurricane appears,
or, when the Land is nigh,
The Seamen are possess'd with Fears,
and to their Pilot Cry.

The

The MORAL.

BEhold, O Man! an Emblem of thy Life, thy ſwift Journey, thy paſſage into another World, to the Port of Delivery, and to a State which puzzles the moſt Sagacious Philoſophers living: How is that feeble Bark, thy Body, blown up and down by every Guſt of Vanity and Pride? toſs'd upon the Shelves of Poverty and Want? elevated by the Waves of Ambition and Honour? and caſt down by the inconſtant Frowns of Fortune? We are all like Ships newly Launched when Born; ſome fall in pieces before they ſet to Sea; ſome founder half way their Voyage; others are ſwallowed up in Sands within ſight of the Harbour; and few eſcape Pirates, the Dangers of the Sea, and other Caſualties, to arrive with full Sails at the higheſt Akme of Perfection. There is a Pilot to guide us, which, becauſe he is inviſible, and his Being in Diſpute, we will not accept as we ought: Some will weigh Anchor, and drop again; ſome pretend an Imbargo, others ſteal away in the Night, whilſt moſt fall ſhort of the deſired Port.

10. *The Ants and Sluggard.*

THE Ants a People are not ſtrong,
yet Pains they daily take
Before the Summer-time is gone,
their Winter-ſtore to make.

For what does make this little Ant
i'th' Seaſon dry to get
Her Food; unleſs ſhe fears to want
when Winter's Cold and Wet.

The Sluggard faſt a ſleep does lye,
and Idly takes his Eaſe,
Becauſe 'tis now Proſperity,
he thinks 'twill never ceaſe.

The

The MORAL.

AS Providence has allotted every Creature its reſpective Office, or Duty, to Exerciſe its Powers and Faculties upon: So Man (the Nobler of all others) more eſpecially is Commanded to *Work* and *Labour* with his own *Hands*, to *feed* his *Mouth*. He is not enjoyned to ſeek after more than is ſufficient for himſelf and Family, and occaſional Acts of Charity; nor allow'd to live in Idleneſs, till what has been complicated up by the Confluence of Heaven's Bleſſings, is Exhauſted through Riot and Exceſs. Nature in it ſelf is not Extravagant, but Generous and Liberal; but, through Speculation, it is Corrupt and Degenerate: Luſt cannot be without Sight; whence it comes, that the Paſſions are ſet to Work, ſo ſoon as the Opticks inſpect a Beauty: From whence I infer, That the Simple will not Labour for Neceſſaries, any longer than they can form the leaſt Idea of Subſtance, or forc'd to by Acts of Compulſion.

11. *A Boy taking a Birds neſt.*

WHen Spring her Sun-ſhine Mantle (weilds
upon the hoary Earth;
Then Madam *Flora* decks the Fields,
and gives the Flow'rs new Birth.

Which makes the Idle Boy abroad
oft-times a Truant make;
To travel o'er each Field and Road
a Birds neſt for to take.

When e'er he 'ſpies it, up he crawls
the Tree, in hopes to find
Live Birds, or Eggs; but Oh he falls,
and leaves them all behind.

The

The MORAL.

THere is a Proverb that ſaith, *Nature is never Content:* Nor will it be ſatisfied, give it never ſo much: And he whoſe Nature is ſuch, is continually peſter'd with Ambition; which (ſaith *Seneca*) hath this Vice, *Non reſpicit*; Not to look back. Now, the Ambitious Man cannot be Courted to Conſider, What he was; that he takes another's Place; and that, he knows not how ſoon ſome *One* or *Other* may juſtle him out: All he Ruminates on, is; Honour, Wealth, Authority, Glory, and a Thouſand Extravagancies; Theſe are the Neſts he looks up after, and crawls up on other Mens Shoulders too, till his Ambition is too Heavy for its Supporters, which ſinks, and ſlips from under him, whilſt he tumbles Headlong down the Precipice of Deſpair. In fine, 'tis a Vice, reſtleſs and Vexatious, and hath no Bounds. Preſent to the Ambitious Soul, the Sight of Children catching frothy Bladders in the Air, he will Laugh at you, when at the ſame time his Actions are far more Ridiculous in the Eyes of all Wiſe Men.

12. *Two Drunkards pretending to Travel, Kill themselves.*

TWO Drunken Sots had both agreed
a Journey long to take:
Who had not gone 'bove half a League,
when to a House they make;

Then call'd for Drink, and drank so long,
their Senses flew away:
One Swore the other did him wrong;
but could not tell which way.

Thus they contend; at length they fight
to end the Drunken Strife,
In rage each drew his Knife, and quite
depriv'd themselves of Life.

The

The MORAL.

OF all Vices, there's none more Odious, more Deſtructive, and more Abuſive than Drinking to Exceſs. The Drunkard is [by our new Critic's leave] an Element of Noiſe and Impiety; a Chaos Complicated up with every thing his confus'd Fancy forms into an Idea. The Drunkard not only Confounds the Buſineſs he juſt before ingag'd in, but acts Arbitrary to the Law of Nature, and Unravels Oathes, Vows, and ſacred Obligations, that have been Scores of Years winding to a Bottom. The Drunkard, will haſten from Prayer to Curſe an Adverſary; And will promiſe to do That for Another, which (when he's Sober) he wants to have done for Himſelf. He will endeavour to divert you with a long Harangue of the Ill of others, when at the ſame time, if you happen to Miſconſtrue one of his Words, you yourſelf ſhall be the greateſt Enemy he has: Nay, thô thou art his Brother, he will believe thee to be no other than a Dog, and a Dog's Life wilt thou Live, all the time it is thy Fate, to be in Subjection to a Sot.

13. *The Lyon and Lamb.*

A Lamb, by chance, had gone astray,
And wand'ring thrô a Wood,
A Lyon met in Masquerade,
Who Fauning by him stood.

Good Lyon, (quoth the Lamb) I crave,
My Liege will lend an Ear,
And save me from the rav'nous Wolves,
Whose Jaws I daily fear.

Ne'er heed; I'll see you safe from them:
The Lyon strait did Rore;
'Till to his Den he came, when he
The Lamb in pieces tore.

The

The MORAL.

HEre's a Myſtery! Men will not forbear running into By-paths to hunt after Shadows, when they may travel in a pleaſant Road, and have the Subſtance brought 'em. Immoraliſts will ſeek the Pleaſures of this Life, thô it coſt 'em never ſo dear; never ſo many Oathes, Lies, Cheats, Luſts, Murders, Villanies, and the like. Believe it then, O thou guilty Man! That thou art alone, thô thou haſt Three Parts of the World to bear thee Company: For, where are thy Companions, when thy Reaſon is fled. You and they are all like Senſeleſs Poſts joſtling one another into the Fire. Well then, if thou loveſt Wiſdom, thou wilt not come within the Decoys of this World, where Sins are by-paths to lead us till the Devil finds us: Neither ask thy Neighbour, which way thou muſt go; for, who knows but he hath worldly Buſineſs near the Lyon's Den, and may deſire thy Company: But pull thy Conſcience by the Sleeve, Conſult That, and thou ſhalt eſcape the Snares of Satan.

No Wonder Satan makes of Men a Prey,
When from a conſcious Byaſs they do ſtray

14. *The Apiſh Fox.*

IN Parayn breeds a certain Beaſt,
Whoſe Head's much like an Ape,
The hinder part like to a Fox
In Colour and in Shape.

This Creature takes a Wondrous care,
To ſuckle all her Young,
'Till they're full grown, and able are
From th' Enemy to run.

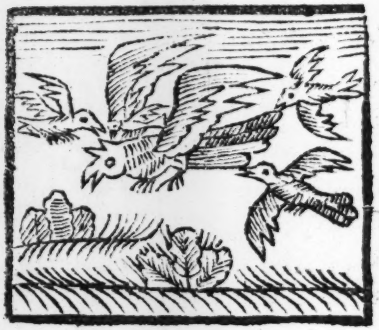
But if by chance the Hunters come,
For fear her Young ſhould lag,
She puts them in a Skinny place,
Much like a Leather Bag.
Yet ſhe her Young will always ſmother,
Whene'er they chance to Suck another.

The

The MORAL.

Like begets Like: It's true, it does ſo in the Courſe of Nature: But, the Child may loſe great part of it's Origine Nature, by the Reception of unnatural Nutriment. This may be done thus. Let an Infant ſuck a Moroſs, Surly, Woman, and it will receive not only Nouriſhment, but the ill Qualities of the Nurſe. No wonder then, the Child degenerates from its Parents, when it participates of another's Nature! There can be no true Affection between the Mother and ſuch a Child: For what difference will there be between the Legitimate and a Baſtard, when thou ſhalt take them both Young, and bring them up, ſaying, *I am thy Mother*, and the like? In fine, every Mother ought to Suckle her own Child, when ſhe is not infirm. Beſides, Doſt thou think the Breſts were made for no other Uſe than to excite Luſt? Conſider, All Objects ought to be hid, which have force enough in themſelves to attract Vice. Let this ſuffice: If thou woud'ſt preſerve tender Flowers till they are *Ripe*, they muſt not be expos'd to every unwholſome Blaſt.

15 *The Hawk and Birds.*



A Hawk flew Scaling thro' the Air,
With hopes to find ſome Prey,
But ſtrait the Birds perceiv'd her near,
And up they flew away:

One mounts her Back, a Hole to pick,
The other Three together,
At Head, Tail, Wings, do ſnatch at quick,
Plucking from thence a Feather.

Thus they the greedy Hawk aſſault,
Which makes him cry and rore,
Good Birds forgive me now this Fault,
I'll ne'er do ſo no more.

The

The MORAL.

IF (my Child) thou wilt live to a good Old Age, and leave behind thee a Name, not inroll'd in the black Leaves of Oppreſſion, Extortion, Fraud, and Uſury, now is the time to fly Covetouſneſs, and check all unjuſt Deſires after the Injoyments of another. Why wilt thou turn *Hawk?* Haſt thou not ſeen One hurry'd to the Ducking-place by a Multitude? Nay, haſt thou not held an Arm, or a Leg, till thy Companions have Pump'd him? This is only a Seaſoning him for *Bridewell* and the Gallows. Let me adviſe thee then, if thou wilt divert Diſgrace from thy Family, and avoid Shame and Miſery thy ſelf, look not on thy Play-fellow's Toys with Affection. Meddle not with thy School-fellow's Top, Book, or Satchel, becauſe it is finer than thine, or becauſe thou haſt not the ſame: Nay, if ſomething moleſts thy Teeth, and thou ſeeſt a Pin drop off his Sleeve, uſe it not without his Conſent. Thus thou wilt inure thy ſelf in the ways of Virtue, and be happy in a Contented Mind.

Pilfer from none, for Gain ill got,
Will, with that Party's Mem'ry, rot.

16. *The Gulon.*

BEhold this glutt'nous Gulon, how
She ſeizes on her Prey,
And never leaves with Teeth to tare,
Till all's conſum'd away.

But fills her Belly monſtrous full,
Then, to give Nature eaſe,
Betwixt two Trees ſhe pulls herſelf,
The Meat from thence to ſqueeze.

So empty'd, runs again to Stuff
As much, or rather more,
And never thinks ſhe has enough,
But ſtill for Food does roar.

The

The MORAL.

WOu'dſt thou be a Man of Underſtanding, endow'd with a Thinking Soul, indeavour to keep thy Spirits free from the Rapine of an unnatural Apetite: For, as too much Oyl retards the motion of the Watch-wheels, ſo Gluttony depreſſes the Spirits, and keeps 'em from Soaring above the reach of Nature. What Idea canſt thou form of a *Summum Bonum* here; (which is nothing but the ſearching out the Bounds of Nature, with the injoyment of a Mind Serenely bent to Benefit the Publick) when thou art fit for nothing but to lye down and wallow with Swine? When I was in *America*, I ſaw an *Indian* with a Belly ſtuff'd like a Wool-pack, begirt about with a Belt; I ask'd him, *Why he did ſo?* He reply'd, *When we find a Prey, we devour it all, be it never ſo much; and till we catch another, we take in our Belts a Hole every time we go to Stool, and ſo remain ſatisfy'd.* This may allow of ſome Excuſe in *them*, but for thoſe who have the Uſe at Diſcretion, it's moſt Unnatural, eſpecially where there are Objects enough ready to Starve for want of *That* which is waſted.

17. *Young Storks and their Dams.*

AN antient Stork, who well had liv'd,
Began for to Decay,
And fearing none wou'd lend Relief,
Thus to her ſelf doth ſay :

Ah, woe is me ! I cannot fly
To ſeek my daily Food ;
For Age has clip'd my Wings, whereby
They do me little good.

Whereat ſome young Ones to her came,
Who with Affection great,
Took care to Labour that ſhe might
Have daily Food to eat.

The

The MORAL.

HAst thou got Wealth (ô Man!) in an Honest way, and thy Parents brought thee up to Years of Discretion, to dispose thereof? Consider: Is my Father or Mother Poor, in Debt, or Necessitated? Have they bestow'd that upon me, when I was uncapable of helping my self, which now wou'd Nourish them in their Aged Extremity? Have I not Substance to repay, which I wasted under their Tuition? Do I not owe my Being to them? And am I not likewise their Debtor for all the Expence, Care, Sorrow, Love and Affection they were at, to bring me to what I am? This will teach thee to make thy Purse thy Parents and to open it to all thy distressed Friends, that Heaven may inlarge what thou hast, with a Life Long and Happy. But do not as some, who perhaps will every Holy-tide, afford 'em a Meal, but with this Proviso, that they shall either Eat with their Servants, or be Seated at the lower-end of the Table: Some such Devils I have seen my self!

Support thy aged Parents, and be sure
Th' Almightys blessing will attend thy store

18. *The Ambitious Vulture.*

A Rav'nous Vulture long had ſtood
The *Phœnix* Neſt to view,
And for that purpoſe, in a Wood
She went, and lay perdue.

Which having ſeen, Ambition ſo
Did ſtimulate her Heart,
She carries Spices too and fro
To act the *Phœnix*'s part;

And with the ſame a Neſt doth build,
Immortal's her deſire,
To have a Golden Crown, but then
The Sun ſet all on fire. (*combuſt,*
With that ſhe Sinks, her Neſt, and all
Vain-glorious Hopes, and Projects turn
to duſt!)

The

The MORAL.

THus the Lofty Soul, whoſe Ambition is Elivated above the Decree of Fate, wou'd impoſe upon his Fellow-Creature, a Belief that he is ſomething more than mere Man, when all his Glory, is gotten by the Ruin of others, and his Fame ſupported by the Eccho of a dangerous Paraſite. From this I infer, Two Indiſputables, *Truth*, and *Error*: There are Moral *Vultures*, as well as Religious *Devils*; and they both profeſs Infallibility: The Moral Impoſtor never diſcovers his Morality to any but Strangers, who are not acquainted with his Neighbourhood. The other wou'd be Gold, before it's Refin'd in the Furnace, A GOD before the Elements of Nature are Qualify'd and Sublimated by the Power of Omnipotency! This Vulture wou'd have all the Nectar and Ambroſia out of Heaven, to be devour'd by Swine on Earth: And wou'd keep the Keys by his Side, to make a Priſon of Paradice. Here's Infallibility with a Witneſs! If thou wou'dſt be a Wooden God, after thy Deceaſe, away with thy Coffers beyond the *Alps*.

19. *The Lyon and Dragon.*

A Lyon ranging o'er a Plain,
To find (no doubt) his Prey,
Met with a Dragon, when began
A fierce and bloody Fray:

The Lyon knew his Power great,
Commenc'd unto a King,
Which made him rore and stamp his Feet,
To feel the Dragon's Sting:

At length he bravely Won the day,
And made the Dragon Yield,
Who falling on his Back doth say,
O let me quit the Field!

The MORAL.

WILT thou become Victor over thine Adverſaries, and be able to grapple with Monſters? This is not attain'd to preſently. Firſt try thy Skill vvith Dwarfs and Pigmies, then profeſs thy ſelf Maſter of the Science. I mean (my Friend) thus: In the Juvenal of thy Years begin to encounter vvith petty Vices; ſuch as Lying, Jeſting, Coveting, Reviling, and prophane Babling, all vvhich, as the Domeſticks of thy grand Adverſary, are to Worry thee vvith Deſpair, that He may vvith the more eaſe overcome thee at laſt. Begin to make this thy Study, and let Conſcience be thy Maſter, vvho never vvill Fight but vvhen thou art in Danger, and thou ſhalt not only free thy ſelf from Wounds, but evade the Aſſaults of a Satanick Hoſt. Is it not eaſy to ſay thus; If I do not leave off drinking novv, I ſhall fall aſleep, and my Enemy vvill come and Surprize me, *&c.* Do theſe things, and thou ſhalt be a Man of War more Politick than the Devil himſelf.

Nip Vice in th' Bud at firſt, however,
If cropt at laſt, its better late than Never.

20. *The*

20. *The Parliament of Bees.*

THe Bees, in Parliament, agree
To chuſe themſelves a King,
To make ſuch Laws, as Liberty
And Property may bring.

At length they to a Royal be,
Do make a grievous Moan,
Imploring him their King to be,
To ſit upon the Throne.

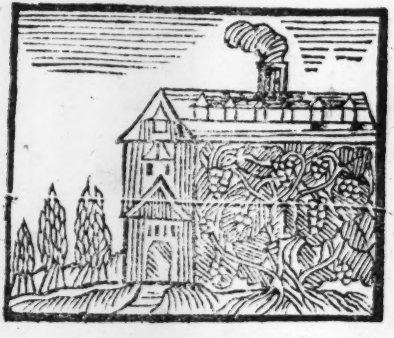
Which done, ſome idle Drones contrive
Their lawful King to Slay,
Becauſe he had preſerv'd their Hives
From all the Beaſts of Prey;
But in the very int'rim they were took,
And juſtly hang'd on a Triangle Hook.

The

The MORAL.

MOnarchy! Thou Witchcraft of Felicity, and Enemy to a State free from the pale Cabals of Blood and Slaughter; in thy Bowels are Vipers, and on thy Breſt Vultures! Kings that ſhould be moſt free from Danger, move as if every ſtep they took were in the Dark; and are (if not Hated) Envied by all. The Courts of Princes, are full of Minions, Paraſites, and Favourites, Conſpirators in the Palace, and Regicides in the Bed-Chamber; with innumerable Emmiſſaries without. And though Mortals have univerſally Conſented to the Puniſhment of Treaſon, yet they will indulge themſelves therein, though they ſee Quarters expos'd to view on the City-Gates. For my part, I do not love to imbrew my Hands in the Blood of any Creature, eſpecially in the Blood of that Monarch, who hath reſtor'd me Liberty and Property, unto whom I owe Subjection. Nor is it conſiſtent with Nature, that the Feet ſhould kick againſt the Head, becauſe it's Elivated above all the other Parts of the Body, and Governs the ſame.

21. *The Vine and Bramble.*



AS flouriſhing a Grape Vine grevv,
A Farmer's Houſe about,
Some Brambles in a Hedge hard by,
Had nevvly taken Root:

Who quarrels vvith the Vine, and cryes,
Where are thy Weapons novv,
That able are to ſave thy Fruit
Which grovvs on every Bough.

† The Vine replies; I'm vvell content
My Fruit ſhould gather'd be,
Rather than Hevven dovvn and burnt,
As is the Bramble-Tree. †

The MORAL.

ART thou One not given to Contention; and wou'dſt live Peaceably with thy Neighbour? Value not the Reproaches of the Simple: What if thou haſt not Money enough to Corrupt a Judge, or Paraſites to pervert Juſtice, yet thou haſt a Friend within, who will ſend thee away Juſtified! What if Heaven bleſſeth thee with Wealth, a fruitful Wife, and Vertuous Children, for a time, and afterwards ſends one Meſſenger for thy Son, another for thy Wealth, a Third for thy Wife, and, a Fourth for the very Bed from under thee; it is only to ſee what Sap is in thy Heart, and to make thy Vertues grow and Flouriſh the more. And, is it not better for thee to be prun'd with the Hook of Affliction, than to be cut down by the Ax of Deſtruction, and laid up for Fuel with the Thorns of this World? Conſider, thou canſt not have a better Maſter than Providence, and thô Immoraliſts brand thee with Simplicity, let this ſuffice to Content thee, That thou art not Liſted under their Banner.

If thou haſt peace within thô' poor in purſe,
Ne'r mind Reproach: That ſhall be all thy Curſe!

22. *The*

22. *The Parrot.*

HOw apt Young Parrots are to learn
What's by their Owners taught,
They'll ſing or Whiſtle forth a Tune,
And plainly ſpeak by Wrote.

Thus lives poor pritty, pritty Poll,
And in a Cage is hung
On high, there to be ſeen by all
Who love his prateling Tongue.

Advanc'd he is within a Hall,
To live a Life of eaſe.
Till from the Hook the Cage falls down
And Death does on him ſeize.

The

The MORAL.

DOst thou take delight in the prateling Discourse of thy Child, and art desirous to see it terminate in Sagacity, begin to be a good Dictator betimes, so shalt thou be held in Veneration, and be styl'd in Old Age, the Parent of good Manners. Let not thy Child's first Lesson be a Song, an Ayre, or Jocose Repartee; but rather an Instance of Moral Duty, or an Imitation of some Vertue his Understanding is able to conceive; then instil into him Death and an After-State, with the Knowledge of a Deity, who is the *Chiefest Good*, and Creator of Heaven and Earth: This will put him upon *Knowing Himself*, and inable him to Form a true *Idea* of the Contempt of this World: It will buoy him up under all the Oppressions of Fate, and lead him at last to rest on a higher Power than Nature. In fine, he will be a Wise Man, of Use to the Publick, when he that has been Educated in all Tongues, without Improvement, shall be a Rattle for Wise Men to Laugh at.

Teach not thy Children what is naught,
For they'll Learn That, without b'ing
Taught.)

23. *The Mairmaid and Fiſh.*

A Mairmaid combs her Amber Lock
As ſporting on the Sea,
The which a neighb'ring Fiſh invites,
This wond'rous Sight to ſee:

Who Swimming underneath did think
Securely there to hide;
For fear that any danger might
The Enterpriſe betide.

Mean while the Mairmaid 'ſpies her out
Uſing a Syren's Art;
Inchanting firſt her Mind, and then
Acts a more Tragick part,

The MORAL.

THe way to avoid Falling, is not to Climb up a Precipice. Come not within the Stench, if thou woud'ſt avoid Infection: Nor let the Guilded Bait allure thee to Swallow the Hook. Why wilt thou ſuffer thine Opticks to behold that which thou knoweſt before-hand will prove Prejudicial to thee? But here's thy Miſery: Firſt thou wilt ſit and look on, and then turn Practitioner. Firſt, thou wilt ſtand afar off and View, and then draw near and Touch. If thou woud'ſt be out of Danger, fly Gameing, Dioting, the Play-houſe and the like: For the Stage Now, ſerves only to delude unwary Souls into the Snares of Vice; and is become almoſt the greateſt Piece of Immorality in the World: Run not hither then to have thy Mind Inchanted with Raviſhing Imagination, and thy Body Corrupted with the Conſequence of Luſt. †Beſides, who knows, whilſt thou art Vindicating thy Friend, but thou may'ſt receive a Wound thrô thy Body by a Hector? Thou oughteſt not to delight in ſeeing thy Fellow Creature mimick'd into the Shape of a Beaſt.

24. *Friendſhip of Mice.*

IN an Old Houſe, run to Decay,
That ready was to ſink,
There ſtood a Tub of Water, where
The Mice did uſe to drink.

At length it happen'd, as in haſte,
To Drink they going were:
The foremoſt miſs'd his Footing, and
Fell down, for want of care.

At which the Mice did all agree
To help him out with ſpeed,
Each hung by th'other's *Tail*, when he
Caught hold thereof, was freed.

Th

The MORAL.

WHat's the Old Proverb? *Claw me, and I will Claw you: One good Turn deſerves another.* But, if thou'lt be neither *Scribe*, nor *Phariſee*, remember this: *If thine Enemy Hunger, Feed him; if he Thirſt, give him Drink:* Down comes Heaven's Fire upon his Head, if afterwards he proves Ingrate. But, when thou doſt Good, to thoſe who Deſerve it not; and, at the ſame time, Wiſheſt Ill to the Party; a Fig for thy Compaſſion! Is there not *That* within thee, which thou calleſt Conſcience? Beware of *its* being an unwelcome Evidence, another Day.

In fine, If thou ſeeſt an Object Naked, Conſider thus with thy ſelf: Have I not an old Garment at home, uſeleſs to me? Or, when one meets thee, going to Spend Two-pence with thy Friend, and asketh thine Alms, Lend one Half, and Spend the other, *&c.* This is pulling a Man out of the Water. But, be not thou as *ſome* Men, with *ſome* Souls, who love to paſs by Affliction Blind-fold.

Be Friends with all, and ready ſtand,
To lend in Need, thy helping Hand.

25. *The* Salamander *and* Man.

IN Flames the *Salamander* lives,
Burning in Sulph'rous Fire,
Whoſe Heat the Beaſt freſh Vigour gives,
Making the Man admire;

Who thus Diſputes: Pray, whence came you?
Thou art Immortal, ſure;
Or elſe, thoſe fiery, red-hot Coals,
You never cou'd endure.

I'm not Immortal, (quick ſaith he)
Tho' Fire I can feel;
But Naturally it ſuits with me,
According to my Zeal.

The

The MORAL.

IT's no difficult matter to Gueſs, who is meant by the *Salamander*, becauſe here is no Creature under the Sun, more like it, than an *Atheiſt*: For, ſtifling all Convictions, his Conſcience is Sear'd as with an Hot Iron; making his own ſhallow Reaſon his God; which being Falſe, is utterly Uncapable to direct him to ſearch and find out the moſt True and Holy GOD, and Creator of Wiſdom it Self; and ſo he Lives diving in the Fire of his own boundleſs, and fooliſh Imaginations. His helliſh Zeal Obliging him to venture his All, on the Notion of *Dying like a Beaſt*; and yet not Suffer'd to Live a Life like it. Thus he ſpends his Youth like a witty Fool; his Man-hood worſe than an unreaſonable Beaſt; and his Age (if Juſtice cut him not off) like a Devil incarnate.

Avoid then, the Society of ſuch Mortal immortal Devils, leſt you are Infected by their Bituminous Poyſon, and Atheiſtical Converſation.

Ah, pity me! I do Believe, dread GOD; Thoſe who do not, Lord, Scourge them with thy Rod.)

26. *The Unnatural Eagle.*

A Wealthy Eagle, choſen King,
Had by his Queen, a Son;
Who, by his Father's *Will*, was made
Succeſſor to the Crown.

But mind, This wicked Paricide,
Who, not Content to ſtay,
With ſpreading Wings at's Father Flew,
And took his Life away.

And ſo uſurp'd the Vacant Throne;
When all the Birds agreed,
To Cut him off: And ſo he dy'd
A Parri Regicide.

The

The MORAL.

I Cou'd Wiſh none in the World were like this young Eagle. But, ſcarce a Year revolves, without ſome Unnatural Inſtance, or other. All that the Wiſe Man ſaith, is True; and *this* we know to be ſo: *Covetouſneſs, is the Root of all Evil.* From whence ſprings Ambition, Reſtleſneſs, Diſcontent, and a World of Miſeries. *Murder* is Subordinate to Ambition, and Diſcontent: And, with *that*, Peaſants, as well as Princes, are made Impure. I my ſelf have known, one Relation Murder another, for leſs than Half a Crown. It is indeed moſt Benefit to thee, to arrive at the higheſt *Zenith* of Glory, by Gradations, that thou may'ſt know Others Diſpoſitions, as well as thine Own: But neither Ambition, nor Diſcontent, will ſuffer this; but force thee to Jump in the dark Abyſs of Diſorder. If thou wilt wait Nature's due Time, thou ſhalt be Happy, and have what Providence deſign'd for thee: If not, then thou'rt Unworthy to enjoy the Elements of Life. *Content's a Jem: Let what you have ſuffice Let Nature have its Courſe, Man quickly dyes.)*

27. *The Boys and Bear.*

TWo Boys, as rambling thrô a Wood,
By chance a Bear eſpy'd;
At which, one took to's Heels, and loud
Unto the other Cry'd:

Who ſtrait fell down on's Back, and lay
Perdue, until the Bear
Came up; when thus the Boy began
To Whiſper in his Ear:

Yon hollow Tree, with Honey, full
Unto the top is heap'd.
Away the Bear runs, and the Boy
Immediately eſcap'd.

The

The MORAL.

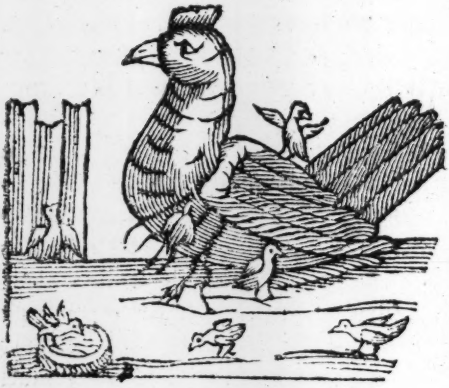
POlicy goes beyond Strength. But that Man who lyes ſtill in a Ditch crying, Lord, Help me! and never offer ſo much as one Struggle towards it, merits no more Pity, than he does Incouragement, who lyes Gaping under a Plumb-Tree, expecting the Plumbs to drop into his Mouth, without lifting up his Hand to Gather 'em, though within Reach.

Therefore wiſh not, or pray for ſuch a thing, or ſuch a Deliverance; but uſe alſo the Means to attain it: And if thou ſeeſt thine Enemy prove too Strong for thee, then Reſiſt not, but turn to thy Money-Politicks; for, 'twill certainly prove the ſecureſt Safety, in ſuch an exigent Extremity.

Obſerve this as a certain Maxim: One Yard of ſubtle Policy, join'd to an Inch of experienc'd Strength, if well us'd, may Meaſure the whole Univerſe.

When, Lord, in any Danger e'er I fall,
By Satan's skill, O then attend my Call!
I'll uſe the Means, but wait on thee for all.

28. *The Hen and Chickens.*



A Careleſs Hen, that Chickens had,
As from her Coop doth ſtray;
A Hawk eſpying, darted down,
And carry'd one away.

One Chicken, bigger than the Reſt,
Upon her Back doth fly,
And over all the other Chicks
Makes an attempt to Fly:

Again the nimble Hawk darts down,
The ſilly Chick t' inſnare,
Which done, away with motion quick,
She cutts the ſitting Air.

The

The MORAL.

BY this Fable, we may learn Two Duties. *First*, The Duty of Parents, to their Children: Which is, To restrain the Haughtiness of their Dispositions, that they mayn't Ride Paramount on their Backs. And to signalize no more Favour for one, than the other. If thou dost, one shall be Ostentatiously Impudent, and the other Carelessly Remiss in Duty. *Secondly*, Childrens Duty to their Parents: Which is, To keep (if not otherways Order'd) within Call, or Sight of their Parents; and not run Loitering up and down the Streets: But if thou wilt wander, (my Child) then away to the Church-Yard, where thou shalt find Graves of all Sizes: Seat thy self on One about thy Length; and Consider thus: Is there not *little* Sinders, as well as *great* Coals in Hell? If thou lovest Good, this will put thy Conscience to the Test; and thoul't be as a *Brand* snatch'd out of the Fire. If not, expect no other, than to leave thy Father and Mother, and all thy fine Cloathes, and Toys, to go and live with a Stranger in eternal Burnings.

29. *The Dog and Bag of Money.*

A Friendly Couple, with their Dog,
Were Trav'ling to'ards a Mart,
To buy ſome Merchandize; when ſoon
One of them did divert

Himſelf behind, Nature to eaſe;
And leaves upon the Ground
A Purſe of Money, and ſtrait hyes
Towards the Seaport Town.

This Purſe the watchful Dog eſpies,
and down himſelf he lays
Cloſe by it, till his Maſters were
Gone out of Sight Two Days, *hy'd,*
Before they miſs'd 'em both, when back they
Finding the Purſe of Money by his ſide.

The

The MORAL.

FRiendſhip is an ineſtimable Jewel: For, Two or Three Friends join'd, become the *Geryon* deſcrib'd to be a Man with Six Hands, and Three Heads: So it is with thoſe whoſe Friendſhip is knit together by Truth; for the one will not ſuffer the other to be wrongfully Prejudiced, without taking his part; nay, thô Death it ſelf ſtands in the gap, if one paſſes through, the other muſt of Neceſſity follow: Like *Euthydicus* and *Damon*, who Sayling towards *Athens*, it happened *Damon* fell over-board; when, being almoſt ready to Sink, his Cryes awak'd *Euthydicus*; who ſeeing his Friend in ſuch a deplorable Condition, jump'd in, and ſav'd his Life.

Likewiſe Servants ought to be Faithful to their Maſters, and not ſuffer themſelves nor others, to imbezzle their Effects; for, if a Dog will preſerve a thing only for knowing it is his Maſter's, much more ſhou'd Man, who knows the Owner, and what Value he has for it.

No Blows a Servant ſhould Diſguſt,
So, as to quit his Maſter's Truſt.

30. *The Fox and Coney.*

WHen crafty Reynard long had (ſought
A Coney to betray,
And could not do't by any Means,
To the King he goes away,

Accuſing him of Thievery
And Humbly begs he might
A Warrant have, that ſo thereby
The Law ſhould have its Right.

Unto the Bar the Coney's brought,
thro' Reynard's Subtlety;
Where quick two Foxes plead the Cauſe
So, as he's judg'd to dye.

The

The MORAL.

MIght generally Overcomes Right: And as it is with the poor Coney, ſo it is with thoſe Men, who go to Law for their juſt Eſtates: For, whether the Cauſe be Right, or Wrong, Doth it not fall to thoſe who give the greateſt Fee? But if thou muſt go to Law, beware of *Running:* Why wilt thou be Mad, or over Haſty to Ruine thy Self, or Neighbour? Go not one Step farther, when thou ſeeſt Ruin a far off; for its Motion is Swift as a *Dromedary:* Fling Coat, Cloke, and all away, and take Blows into the Bargain, rather than ſtay to ſee the Events.

Have a care of gratifying thy Appetite in a Hectick Fever. I mean; When thou Wiſheſt the Death of any, [as GOD forbid!] beware that thy Paſſion lead thee not to *taſte* the Cup; Revenge is not eaſily Satisfied with a *Sip:* And, What wilt not thou do *then*, to Obtain thy End? What ſhall I ſay unto thee? If thou loveſt Swearing, Woe to thy Neighbour's Land-mark!

Malice abhor: Nor falſly Swear
'Gainſt any. Speak the Truth with Fear.

31. *Of the Monkey and Whelps.*

A Monkey having Two young Whelps,
In one ſhe took a great
Delight; but void of natural Love,
The other ſhe did Hate.

But mind, too fond of this young Whelp,
As Suckling it one Day,
She 'ſpyes the Hunter drawing nigh;
And up ſhe runs away,

Hugging that Whelp ſo hard, until
Of Life it was bereav'd:
But th' other jumping on her Back,
Held faſt; and ſo was Sav'd.

The

The MORAL.

JUſt ſo it is with thoſe Parents, who place their whole Joy and Delight, in one peculiar Child; cockering him up with that which proves his *Bane*. For, by ſo doing, they not only prove Libertines, and Prophane, but often happen to bring laſting Diſgrace on their Families, by making untimely Exits on a Gallows. Beſides, if Parents mind it, ſuch Children hate 'em moſt; being Impudent, and Haughty, and always the firſt who forſake them in their Extremity: Whilſt the others (kept under by a Moroſs Diſpoſition, and Rigid Hand) bear more Affection, and Filial Duty to them; becoming thereby Ornaments of an Hoary Head, and Staves to a feeble Old Age.

Be not therefore too Fond with thy Child, leſt you do, as that Silly *Phrygian* Woman, who ſeeing her Darling Child, fall in the Fire, raſhly takes it out, and flings it into the River hard by, where it was Drowned: When, thro' Care, it might have been Sav'd. (*juſt: A Medium's Good: the Balance keep thou Thoſe Children Cocker'd, often prove the Worſt.*)

32. *The Chastity of Turtle-Doves.*

IN a Dove-house, where Turtles liv'd
Together Lovingly;
Each had its Mate to Bill withall,
And keep their Chastity:

But on a Season, in the Spring,
When 'twas fine, Sun-shine Weather,
Two Pair upon the House did sit
A Billing one another:

When strait a Pidgeon to them flyes,
A Hen t'entice astray,
Who with just scorn his Suit denies:
So back he flys away.

The

The MORAL.

HEre is a Glaſs for all Immodeſt People; wherein they may ſee, how far different they are from *Turtles*, who (void of Senſe and Reaſon) are Naturally Chaſte: For they have a confuſed, innate Obligation to keep themſelves ſo, after they have Coupled. Men and Women have a double, Rational Tye, Divine, and Moral; *Inward* Conſcience, and *Outward* Ceremony: Yet, for ought I ſee, the Generality value *Neither*, a Button. One will have his Whore, and the other, her Rogue; Licentiouſly turning that bleſſed State, into a Common Road of Beſtiality.

For ſhame then, thou Yoked Leacherous Satyr, leave off Surfeiting thy Luſt; and when thou art again the like Tempted, powerfully Reſiſt; and perform thy Marriage Vow, with a Juſt and Sacred Chaſtity. Nor may thoſe Unmarry'd, take any ſuch wicked Courſe in Filthineſs, ſince *No Whore-mongers, (as well as Adulterers, and Fornicators) ſhall enter into the Kingdom of GOD.* (ſile.

Keep chaſte, do not thy Marriage-bed de-
Reſiſt the Tempter, and he'll ſoon Recoil.

33. *The*

33. *The injur'd Lark.*

A Lark having an Ill Name got,
Amongſt the other *Birds*,
Could not, by any means, perſwade
Them from't, through dint of Words.

But ſo it happen'd, that as they
Were ſitting on a Tree;
One call'd him *Fool*; and quickly, all
Unto the ſame agree:

Each picking at him, down he falls;
(Tho' Innocent he was)
Where weeping lyes, he ſore bewails
Th' Injuſtice of his Caſe.

The

The MORAL.

GIve a Man an Ill Name, and you Wound him to Death: For, whether Guilty, or Not, paſs but the Sentance, and it ſhall ſpread Wild-fire like: Every one will turn Executioner. Well, this then follows of Conſequence, When he's Falling, he'll want none to keep him down: If ſo, then his very Boſome Friend, ſhall lend her Aſſiſting Hand thereto. Abhor then this baſe Principle: for it Profits thee nothing, more than making the Party Miſerable: How can that be thy real Happineſs, which is another man's Bane? Well then, meddle not with any Man's Buſineſs, but thy Own; nor Prattle that to Others, which thou knoweſt is Falſe to thy Self: For, it's a ſign of an Hypocritical Spirit, which Deſtroyeth its Neighbour: *And he that keepeth his Mouth, keepeth his Life: but he that opens wide his Lips, ſhall have Deſtruction.*

A Good Name got, is better far,
Than Oyntments, which moſt precious are.
Hence then, of Wounding it, beware.

34. *The*

34. *The Dogs and Veal.*

SOme Dogs that meet within a Street,
With one consent, do all
Agree, to Steal a Loin of Veal,
From off a Butcher's Stall :

The fore-most, he, most Cunningly
Contrives the same to take,
That so no One, might see it done,
Nor any Out-cry make.

Which done, into a Field they run,
And altogether Fight,
To get the same ; whose Barking there
The Butcher does invite :
So took they were, the Butcher by,
Who strait Condemn'd 'em all to dye.

The

The MORAL.

MArvail not, thou liver upon other Mens Subſtance, if Fortune at laſt decieve thee. Perhaps, if thou loveſt not Women, VVine, nor Prodigality, then thou may'ſt eſcape: But, if neither of theſe is thy Heart's deſire, then art thou Sedate in Mind; and he that is Right in his VVits, will not turn Thief. But, ſuppoſe thou liveſt Unjuſtly as long as Nature will let thee, and fancy'ſt there is no After-State, Can thy Reaſon ſlide away with eaſe, upon the Gravell'd Blocks of what thou calleſt *Conſcience?* If thou willt have Executors, and Gold Rings given at thy Funeral, order none to be thy Gueſts, but thoſe, from whom thou haſt ſtole their VVealth: Let them build Alms-houſes. *But* I am of Opinion, Juſtice will thwart Nature: For, 'tis much if thou doſt not make too great a Figure, and diſcover thy ſelf: Or, one of thy Aſſociates, to avoid Miſery and Shame. And, what will become of thee then? Thou wilt dye Poor, to live ſo eternally.

Keep void of all offence, thy conſcience clear
Tho Sins here hid, hereafter will appear.

35. *The Crocodile and Dogs.*

THree Shepherds Dogs, *that thirſty were*
Went down unto the Brink
Of th'River *Nyle*, with hopes, that there
They might ſome Water drink :

Whereat, they fall to Quarrel, who
Thereof ſhould Drink the Firſt :
But one (an ugly, greedy Cur,
And likewiſe very Curſt)

Beat all the reſt, and fell to Lap
Out of the River *Nyle* ;
When ſuddenly at him does Snap,
A monſtrous *Crocodile.*

The others run away, and are Content
To miſs their Fellows heavy Puniſhment.

The

The MORAL.

WHen Men are eager after Vain purſuits, they care not into what hazardous Extreams, they run themſelves Head-long: For they think, *Nothing Venture, Nothing Have*, governs the Univerſe, not apprehending the Sequel. And, thô the greedy Cur by his ravenous Nature, overcomes the Dogs in the Fable, yet he pays for it with Severity. Wilt thou then, ô thou Covetous Man! venture thy All, for that which is worſe than Nothing? Stand amaz'd at this: The Devil is at no Charge, no Expence, and yet has *Body*, and *Soul*, and A L L for *Nothing!* In fine, Conſider, when thy Table is ſpread, if thou goeſt to it with an unſavoury Heart, thou doſt not know but the Devil may be in the firſt Morſel and Choak thee: and then thou'lt remember this common Sentence, *Poſſeſſion is Eleven Points of the Law!* Children, Quarrel not, one with the other, (Dog-like) leſt Heaven permits *One*, to come and end the Strife, with Vengeance.

Look up to Heaven before you Eat;
Diſcord oft proves a Sowre-Sweet.

36. *The Fox and Lamb.*

WHen *Reynard* long from Food had gone,
And Hunger did prevail;
Quoth he, I wonder that ſo ſoon
My Politicks ſhou'd fail!

Which ſaid, away he goes to meet
A Lamb, that went aſtray,
And complaiſant he doth her greet,
Giving the time of day.

Now this baſe Fox had made a Trap,
The Lamb to flatter in,
But th'other 'ſpying it, by hap,
Tumbled poor Reynard in.

The

The MORAL.

THE direct Road to Deſtroy thy ſelf, is, The ſeeking Others Ruin: And this too, often falls out, when the thirſty Homicide is within Reach of the intended Sacrifice.. What Profit is there in Hypocritical Intrigues? Fraud and Deceit are the Progenitors; Miſery and Ruin the Conſequents of a *Covetous* Thinking Soul: Which, to be ſure, will Brand thee amongſt the Degenerate Race of Mankind *hereafter*; if not Upbraid thee to thy Face in the Sight of the World *now*. However, to ſhun *this*, Fancy to thy ſelf thus: Man; thou canſt not be in League with the whole Univerſe, (thô a Grandee thereof) and, who knows but ſome *One* or *Other*, thou haſt Injur'd, has laid a Snare cloſe by that of thine Enemy's. Do not run to Juſtifie others Villany, leſt thou art catch'd and Condemn'd *thy ſelf*; whilſt the innocent and thoughtleſs Soul is deliver'd by thine own Mouth.

Dig not a Pit, nor make a Gin
For others, leſt you fall therein.

37. *The* Cat *and* Rats.

When *Puſs* with mewing made the Rats
their Holes quite to forſake,
She reacheth down a Violin
and ſtrait doth Muſick make:

At which they came from far and near
dancing with nimble Feet:
But ſome, more wiſer than the reſt,
found Food and fell to Eat:

The *Cat* upon thoſe *Rats* ſoon ſeize,
who next unto her were;
But all the reſt eſcap'd with Cheeſe,
and other wholeſom Fare.

The

The MORAL.

WEll then, thô Innocency is of Force enough to *juſtifie* thy Conſcience, yet, ſtill 'tis a piece of Imprudence, to Trace the common Road of Danger: What! becauſe thou haſt not committed Robbery, thou thinkeſt to eſcape the Robber? Reſt not here; but, firſt of all, Examine what Dangers may befall thee in thy Adventures, that thou may'ſt not afterwards Grumble at the Events: But, beſure come not within Arms-length of the Flatterer, for he will ſoon unmask himſelf to thy Ruin. Beſides, in dangerous Enterprizes, be not too Hot-headed, through Pride, or Vain glory, in hopes to ingroſs all to thy ſelf, leſt you firſt fall into the Snare and Deſtruction thereof: But rather give way to others; for thereby Men many times (like the more wiſer *Rats* in the Fable) become the greateſt Gainers, and incur the leaſt Danger.

Let Wiſdom's Conduct be your chiefeſt care
And of all flatt'ring Enemies beware,
Run not too raſhly, leſt there's laid a Snare.

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38. *The Stubborn* Aſs.

A Stubborn *Aſs*, who laden was
drove by his Maſter, till
With much ado they came unto
the bottom of a Hill.

Whereat the *Aſs* would not proceed
farther a Step to go:
Which made his Maſter, with his Whip,
to give him many a Blow.

Nay, tho' he beat him very ſore,
he would not ſtir nor wag;
Night coming on, the Man himſelf
was forc'd to bear the Bag.

The

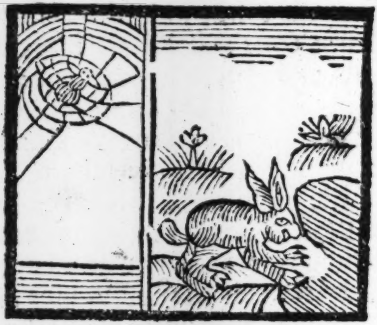
The MORAL.

THE *Aſs* is called in Latin *Aſinus*, in Greek *Onos* and *Killos*, by reaſon of his Labour in bearing Burthens; and by ſome he is called *Magamucos*, for his unpleaſant, fearful, braying Voice: But amongſt many Epithets given him, he is called a Vile, Slow-pac'd, Sluggiſh, Idle, Blockiſh Beaſt: Like to him is the Dunce-pated Schollar, that is not at all apt to Learn. Nay, tho' his Maſter Whips him, and Whips him over again, 'tis all one, for his Brain is ſo impenitrable, 'tis impoſſible to infuſe any thing therein: Let his Maſter keep his Learning to himſelf for what value he ſets on't. For whom I think that's a fit Sentence, to bid ſuch a Schollar [Sell an *Aſs*,] thereby ſignifying his Blockiſh Averſeneſs to Learning. But, my Child, if thou loveſt Wiſdom, be not Stupid to the Sage Advice of thy Parents, nor Refractory to the Dictates of thy Maſter, leſt thy School-fellows point and hiſs at thee for a Block-head, a meer Schollar, amongſt thy Neighbourhood.

A Blockiſh Schollar wont the Aſs *out-ſtrip,*
Altho' he's often made to feel the Whip.

39. *The*

39. *The* Coney *and* Spider.



A *Coney* being hunted out
of many Holes, did range
Into a Neighb'ring Sandy Field,
her Boroughing to Change;

Where meeting with a *Spider*, who
not ſatisfy'd in Mind,
Was ſeeking where to weave her Web,
that none ſhould ever find.

So they Conſult: The *Spider* goes
and builds within a Hall,
Where being bruſhed down, was kill'd,
by reaſon of the fall.

The Coney 'mongſt the rocks did make a neſt
Where from the Hunters ſhe does live at
reſt.

The

The MORALS.

I Cannot but obſerve from this, the truly Honeſt and Generous Spirit of an *humble* and *patient* Man: How he will purſue the *internal* Peace of his Soul, before the *external* Injoyments of his Body; and Value a compoſed *Solitary* Life, before the common *Luxurious* Delicacies of an infatuated Republick. Whilſt the Diſcontented run too and frô amidſt the Venomous Streams of Infection; and ſuffer themſelves to be *blown* up like Bubbles, in the Air, to Dance a little, and Vaniſh. The Diſtreſſed *Coney* would have ſtay'd in her *Borough* had ſhe not been purſu'd by the Hunters; ſo, O Man! if thou art Perſecuted either in Body, or Eſtate, and canſt not ſtay Secure in thy Habitation, for fear of Enemies, then haſt thou a lawful Call to Evade 'em by flying from one place to another, till at laſt they drive thee to the Rock where thou vvilt be ſecur'd to all Eternity. Whilſt Vagabonds like the Spider are ſvvept avvay by the Wrath of common Juſtice.

Contented be where'er your Lot is caſt,
The Pitcher of: ſafe goes: 'Tis broke at laſt.

An

An Emblem of God's Wrath,

In *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

AH me, when I behold
The Heav'ns begin to frown,
And wrinkled fiery Sulph'rous Clouds
Sends red-hot Arrows down!

When I behold the Sky
Bring Darkneſs 'ſtead of Light,
Methinks the Portion I eſpy
Of ev'ry damned Wight!

When Flaſhes thence do ſpring,
And nought but Flames of Fire,
And mighty Cannons thundering
Do eccho forth their Dire!

Ah

Ah, ſure it ſhows a GOD,
And that this God is Juſt,
Who'll Scourge the Wicked with his Rod,
And burn them up to Duſt.

When I the Heavens hear
With Thunder break their way,
Ah, Lord! I am poſſeſs'd with Fear,
Thou'lt burn this Lump of Clay!

But Bleſſed ſhall thoſe be
Who in the Lord do truſt;
For they'll enjoy Felicity,
And live among the Juſt.

A Miſcellany of Divine Maxims.

WOuldſt thou be truly perfect? love God with all thy Heart, and thy Neighbour as thy ſelf.

Let thy eye be always upon God and thy ſelf, and thou ſhalt never ſee him without Goodneſs, nor thy ſelf without Miſery.

Let

Let us be what God will, ſo we be but his; and let us not be what we will our ſelves, againſt the Will of God.

He that neglects his own Will, complies beſt with God's.

So love thy Neighbour upon Earth, as that thou mayſt enjoy his love in Heaven.

Thou canſt not love thy Neighbour too much, but thou mayſt too much ſhew thy love.

One great Argument of our love to our Neighbour, is to bear with his Imperfections.

We ſhould never endure to hear evil ſpoken of any but our ſelves

We ſhould never undervalue any perſon: The Workman loves not that his work ſhould be deſpiſed in his preſence. Wherefore beware, for God is preſent every where, and every perſon is his work.

We ought not to love our Neighbour only becauſe he is good, or becauſe we hope he will be ſo, but becauſe God commands us ſo to do.

In holy duties we ſhould ſpeak little, think much, but do more.

It is a great evil not to do good.

Confidence in an unfaithful Man in time

time of Trouble, is like a broken Tooth, and a Foot out of Joynt. Charity makes God our debtor; for the Poor are his receivers.

Haſt thou an Eſtate, and wouldeſt increaſe it? Divide thy riches to the Poor; thoſe Seeds that are ſcattered do encreaſe, but hoarded up they die.

Arm thy ſelf againſt a profeſt enemy; but he that diſſembleth friendſhip ſtrikes beyond a caution, and wounds above a cure: from the one thou mayſt deliver thy ſelf, but from the other, good Lord deliver thee.

The Touch-ſtone trieth Gold, and Gold trieth Men.

As the Servants of God are known by their own Vertues, Humility and Charity, ſo the Servants of the Devil are known by their oppoſite Vices, Pride and Cruelty.

To boaſt is to be vain, ſince the greateſt Conquerour; if he meaſure his own Shadow, ſhall find it no longer than it was before his Victory.

The World is a wide Priſon, and every Day an Execution-day.

Our Stomachs are common Sepulchres for

for Birds, Beaſts, and Fiſh; they all die to feed us: Lord, with how many deaths are our poor lives patched up! How full of Death is the Life of Man!

Beware of Drink: where Drunkenneſs Reigns, Reaſon is an Exile, Vertue a Stranger, and God an Enemy: Blaſphemy is Wit, Oaths are Rhetorick, and Secrets are Proclamations.

To ſhun the accidental Troubles of this Life, is to meditate on Eternity.

To have a deſire to be Poor, and not to receive the inconveniencies of it, is too great Ambition: For it is to deſire the honour of Poverty, and the commodity of Wealth.

There is no better way to end happily a free ſpiritual Life, than daily to begin it.

There is no reaſon to be given for the Fault we commit in Sin, for the Fault would not be Sin, if it were not againſt Reaſon.

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In ſhort, the ſum of all is, Fear God, and keep his Commandments; for this O Man, is thy whole Duty, which if Sincerely perform'd, will terminate in eternal Salvation

FINIS.